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No. 23.

A YOUNG MAN'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Have you seen the oak-leaf scarlet gleaming
In the sun?—it is the rose of life!
Have you seen it in the sunshine dressing,
Trembling to and fro upon the sun's wind's wings,
and so?

Broken from its stem and dropped in waters deep?
Learn a lesson that is taught: be wise—be wise!

A young man's love inconstant is as was
the wind.

A young man's love is vanity of vanities,

Surely, surely!

Have you seen the red rose blushing, blushing,
How beauteous and sweet of scent?

In the morning zephyr softly flushing?
Maiden-heart, oh, maiden-heart! see, the wind was

wantonous high,

Shakes the dew off, steals the scent, and bur-

ries by?

Oh, be wise, and learn the lesson that it teaches!

A young man's love is vanity of vanities,

And a young man's love is fragrance that it reaches,

Surely, surely!

Have you seen sweet maiden-eye grow sad,
With wistful tears that drain the years?

See the lips fade like a flower that once was
glad?

Learn a lesson—oh ye simple ones! be wise:

A young man's love is blown all ways as thistle

down,

A young man's love is vanity of vanities,

Surely, surely!

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

OR,

A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SORREL HORSE.

It was near the close of a fine day in May, a few years ago, that two persons were seated on the porch of a roadside inn, situated in Robeson County, North Carolina. It was an old-fashioned frame edifice, irregularly built, near the commencement of an extensive piece of woodland, which for several miles embraced both sides of the highway. One of these persons was evidently the landlord of the house, and well represented the genuine Bonifaces, both by his aldermanic proportions and by the jollity of his rubicund visage, his cheeks stained with the hue of red wine, and his eyes sparkling with the genuine intoxication of good humor. His companion was a tall, stalwart specimen of the North Carolinian native. Nature had not been lavish of the line of beauty in framing his countenance, or in laying out the proportions of his figure. This jolly-looking man used in forming his nose had been too large for his mouth, skillfully had there been left considerably in the rough. In the matter of mouth she had been lavishly generous, and altogether his face resembled a clay model rudely sketched out by an inferior workman, and on which the hand of the artist had not yet been laid. But the face of Solomon Middle, though often marked with an expression of simplicity, displayed a shrewd look in the eyes and a firm set of the lips that showed there was something in the man more than his ordinary expression betokened, a hidden force which occasion would surely draw to the surface.

We intrude ourselves on these boon companions near the end of a long conversation, with which they had whiled away the summer afternoon.

"Tell you what it is, Joe," said Solomon in continuation of their subject, "she has been drawing back from me lately, and I vow I don't know why. I can show as pretty a wheat field as any in the Old North State, and have a clever account of my own at bank, and I'm concerned that I know what more the girl wants. She has drawn me on with that sort of a double twinkle she has in her feet and her eyes, till she has got my heart-strings tied into her with a hard knot, and now that the skittish creature knows she's got me fast, she's grown just as cool as a cucumber and as short as pie crust."

"Poh!" said Joe, with a merry glint in his blue eyes. "If that's all you know about woman nature, Sol, you'd better go bury yourself in the pines, and diet yourself on turpentine. I'd stake my head on it she's drawing you on, and growing to herself cause you won't see that you've got the trump cards in your hand."

"No, no, Joe, I can see further through a milestone than that. Ain't such a fool as that."

"Faith, you are not far from a fool."

"Oh, I give in to that, as long as you think so," said Sol, looking significantly at his companion, with a sense of humor in his glance. "Truth is, lad, I don't want to give her up. But what's a fellow to do with such a flirting, changeable little wench as she is? You don't know what a dance she has led me."

"Well, lead her as crooked a dance back again and you'll be even with her. You don't know them, Sol, or you'd be easier. Just turn your back on them and let on to be on the back track, and they'll be after you like a hive of bees after a pot of honey. Let me tell you I've had my experience of the sex, and I know their tricks as well as a flatboatman knows a sand bar. If you can't win them on your knees, show them your heels, and you'll soon have them after you."

"It mightn't be a bad plan, I allow. There's Sally Price now, she'd be a good hand to try a flirtation with, and maybe I might draw Nell into my net."



THE STRANGER IS ATTACKED IN THE HOLLOW BY THREE MEN.

"Sol, they call you a simple-minded fool—and yet you're suspicious as an old fox. What under the sun do you think they're after?"

"No good. I don't know what bad. But they will soon show. There's trouble brewing under that chap's tow whiskers, or I'm no judge of the article."

"Well, I hope they'll keep clear of the Sorrel Horse. I've got a rifle up-stairs there that has a wonderful gift at throwing a bullet—and if one of them got in the way of yours, I couldn't answer but he might get hurt."

"For an hour longer the two friends sat conversing, till the setting sun was just touching the distant tree tops."

"Well, come, Joe," said Sol, at length, "it's getting close to night, and I've a five mile walk afoot me, and through the wood, too, with them traps hid in it. I must be going. What's more, I want to borrow that of yours. The safe side is the best."

"You're welcome to it if you think there's any danger. Send it back in the morning. Good-night and take good-night glass, and good luck to you."

The last beams of day were glinting from the topmost branches of the trees, as Sol, with the rifle upon his shoulder, took his way down the road, with a ringing "good-night, and was speedily lost to sight behind the trees. He had been gone about ten minutes when the landlord's attention was attracted by the sound of horse's hoofs rapidly advancing. In another moment a man mounted on a powerful brown horse, appeared round a bend in the road, and drew up at the door of the inn.

He was a tall, well-dressed, handsome person, with bright black eyes, a fine mouth, half hidden by a luxuriant moustache, and the general aspect of a gentleman. The landlord's curious look showed that the newcomer was a stranger to him.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me," he inquired, "if there is a village in this neighborhood called Burton?"

"You will find it about five miles ahead, on this road. But will you not stop and take supper? Your horse has been hard ridden, and looks as if rest and a handful of hay would do him good."

"No, thank you," said the other with a smile. "I am a hard rider, it is true, but I have only made ten miles. I had some three hours rest at an inn back here on the road. By the way, there were three suspicious characters passed there shortly after I arrived, who acted very strangely on seeing me, and one of whom, a roughly dressed, dark complexioned person, was recognized as a dangerous desperado. Have any such persons passed here within the last five hours or so?"

"Yes, about an hour ago, and I think they are now hidden somewhere in the wood. You had best be on your guard."

"Trust me. I have six bullets at their service if they attack me, as between you and me, I have reason to fear is their intention. Bring me out a glass of brandy, landlord. It may help my nerves if I meet those fellows."

The stranger waited impatiently till the landlord had prepared some liquor, drank a mouthful of it, handed him money in payment, and in a moment was off, riding rapidly down the road.

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTACK.

Though daylight still prevailed in the open country, the gloom of twilight nestled under the thick foliage of the pine forest. The quick clatter of the horse's hoofs echoed strangely through the unbarren aisles of the wood, and the rider loosened the pistol in his breast-pocket, and darted keen glances to either side, as he pushed rapidly forward into the gathering gloom. Suddenly he

came sharply on Solomon, who, warned by the sound, was drawn up erect by the roadside, leaning upon his rifle and vigilantly scanning the corner. The rider checked his steed, and subjected our friend to a quick but keen scrutiny, that took in every detail of his appearance. The wood behind him was also silent. Those quick glances, as if in dress, of his companions to the solitary figure.

"Well, sir, will I pass muster?" said Solomon, somewhat nettled by this investigation.

"No offence, my dear sir," said the other graciously. "You are not the person I feared to see, and I ask your pardon if I have appeared rude to you."

"Then who did you take me for?"

"There are some persons who have reason to fear mean me harm, and I have been told that they are in this wood. Hence I think it best to be vigilant."

"Three rough, villainous-looking custom-ers, eh?"

The other nodded assent.

"Well, take my advice and get out of this bit of wood as fast as your animal will take you. You had best, though, turn back, and spend the night at the Sorrel Horse. That is, if it's you those fellows are after."

"Not I. I would go through there were a dozen instead of three. Good-night."

"You are not here to waste words with you. You have your choice. Go back to where you came from. Leave this part of the country altogether, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or you'll get a bullet through you," said the second of the highwaymen, savagely.

"Not a step will I turn back, though twenty of you stood in the path," said the other, in a tone of fierce determination.

"As for shooting, it is a game at which more than one can play, and the man of who advances a step or raises a hand towards me is a dead man. I will not yield my liberty to any gang of ruffians."

"Fire; there's no use palavering," said one of the ruffians, raising his pistol. He had scarcely done so when it was struck by a bullet that sent it whirling out of his hand. In an instant the other was covered by the weapon of the man at bay.

"Leave this villain! he cried fiercely. "Give me the gun!" he cried, and snatched the pistol from the hand of the man at bay.

"Not a step will I turn back, though twenty of you stood in the path that time you will try the virtue of an aim that seldom fails."

But an unexpected danger threatened the speaker. The man who had been left in the road behind, stunned by a shot, had now recovered, and was steadily advancing on the other side of the tree.

"Fire!" cried the man in front, who faced him, and saw his advance.

The beleaguered man half rose and hastily glanced back, and saw the savage, glaring countenance of the ruffian, and the glitter of his presented weapon.

"Hold, you infernal hound!" roared at this instant a tremendous voice from before.

At the same moment the murderous villain fired, his aim somewhat disconcerted by this sudden interruption; but the gentleman evidently badly hurt, reeled and fell prostrate on the body of his dead horse.

Almost simultaneously the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the ruffian, with a cry of pain, bounded upward and fell writhing on the ground. His comrade, in evident dread of this reinforce, instantly sprang forward, grasped him in their arms, and rushed into the woods with their bleeding burden. In the next moment Solomon Middle appeared on the scene, and leveling his loaded rifle, sent another shot whistling through the wood, leading wings to their flight.

"Well, here's agoy! The horse stoned dead, and the man, too, I'm afraid. Thank the Lord, I picked one of the bounds. This treacherous scoundrel lay here this morning. They've cut it down, sure, preaching to help their game. Lucky I come up when I did, for I see the man ain't dead."

The wounded man was making an effort to rise to his feet as Solomon came to his assist-

ance. The effort caused a free flow of blood from his side.

"Get it home, eh?" said Solomon. "Think it's deep? Does it weaken you much?"

"I can't tell," said the gentleman, sinking back again on his horse.

Solomon at once proceeded to examine the wound, and to bandage it as well as he was able. It appeared to be but a flesh wound, but the flow of blood had been great, and the impromptu surgeon had difficulty in stopping this dangerous tide.

"There, I think that will do, for awhile anyhow," he said at length. "Do you think you can walk half a mile or so, leaning on me? Those fellows may take it in their heads to come back and finish their work, or I'd leave you here while I went for help."

The gentleman with an effort rose to his feet, leaning heavily on his stalwart companion. After a few wild steps a portion of strength appeared to return to him, and they proceeded slowly from the scene of conflict, Solomon sustaining the wounded man with all his tenderness and strength. A short distance up the opposite slope of the hill brought them beyond the boundaries of the forest, and here, in the open country, the summer twilight was yet so bright that it seemed full day as compared with the shadowy gloom of the scene they had left. Within a few moments they proceeded onward down the road, which was lined on either side with fields of golden ripe wheat.

Half an hour's walk, at their slow pace, brought them in sight of a pretty cottage, standing slightly back from the roadside; while at some distance beyond it appeared the roofs of several buildings, grouped together into a small hamlet. As they drew nearer, they perceived that the cottage was beautifully fastened with climbing vines, from which peeped out red gleams of roses, lending a double charm to the scene.

The wounded man leaned more and more heavily on his companion. Solomon examined the bandage and found that it had slipped, and that the wound was again bleeding profusely.

"Come," he said, reflectively, "there's no use trying to reach the village. I'll have to try Nell. She'll be glad enough to give this poor fellow shelter till we can get him on his feet again."

The young lady, who was seated on a trellised porch, in front of the cottage, hastily arose as they stopped at the open gate, and tripped lightly forward to meet them.

"Why, Solomon," she exclaimed laughingly, "have you had a return of your ancient wisdom, and concluded—But, excuse me, I did not observe your friend. Has he met with an accident? He is bleeding!"

"Yes, a bad one. And you'll have to lend him your house for a few days at least. It will not be safe to go further with this wound."

"Go further! I hope you did not think of it. Quick! bring the gentleman in. I have everything prepared instantly."

And with bird-like flight she preceded them into the house, where her voice could be heard in rapid directions.

Feeling as the stranger had become from loss of blood, there was some element in the strained intonations of her voice that seemed to speak a mournful chord within him. He listened with half-closed, swelling lips, and, as if gaining strength from the scene, walked into the house with double the vigor he had before displayed. This sudden strength was succeeded by an sudden prostration, and he sank on the couch prepared for him in a partly insensible state.

"Who is he, Solomon? And what has happened?"

"Don't know who he is, and haven't time to say what's the matter," Solomon shortly answered, as he buried himself about the wound. "We must have a doctor at once. Send for one, Nell, that's a kind soul. I must stay here and try and stop this bleeding."

The lady instantly left the room, and her voice was heard outside despatching a domestic, with abundant charges of rapidity, after the village physician. Ere she returned, the unskillful but kind hands of the impromptu surgeon had succeeded in stopping the flow of blood. The patient lay, with closed eyes, in a state of apparent insensibility.

"There, now, if the bullet's not in him, I guess he'll be all right."

"The what? The bullet!" cried the lady, who entered at this moment, in tones of rapidly ascending pitch. "What, Sol—and you have a rifle? It's an accident! It must be! You did not shoot him knowingly!"

"I shot him!" replied Solomon, in a voice whose surprise suddenly changed to amusement, and he burst into a roar of laughter. "Why, Nell Brown, you crazy, willful, abominable little minny, do I look like a highwayman? I shot him!" And, as if the thought afforded him infinite amusement, his laughter broke forth again in a more violent peal than before.

"If you don't stop laughing this instant, I'll—I don't know what I'll do. But I want to know all about it, and you do nothing but stand there

in which he described, with keen self-antagonism, his suspicions of the party on first seeing them, and the quick retribution that had fallen the fellow whom priest did the mischief.

"Why, sir, it was getting dark on Satan in the hollow, and I just caught a true glimpse of the fellow by the light of his own pistol. I had the rifle to my eye at the moment, and I drew a hand on him quick as lightning and let fly. Well, sir, he looked like hell right off, still as a nail. Before I could get another load in, the other two had grabbed him and were in the hollow."

"This affair must be investigated," said the doctor, somewhat pompously. "We cannot permit assassination to start forth in the public highways unchecked. Accompany me to the magistrate's office, and we will take counsel with him as to the proper action to be inaugurated."

Bidding their hostess "good-night," the twain departed for the village.

CHAPTER III. THE PURSUIT.

The news of this occurrence rapidly spread, and soon the doctor and the doctor had hardly entered Negus Judson's office before a dozen curious and excited men behind the door burst into the room. The excitement of the affair of which a vague, exaggerated rumor had already traversed the village. Solomon repeated his story with full amplification, dwelling particularly on the portions of it in which he had borne a prominent part, and evidently feeling that for once in his life he had been a heroic actor in a tragedy.

The account was received with numerous evidences of interest and surprise in the auditors, showing that such an occurrence was a rare thing in their quiet community.

"Could it have been a simple attempt at highway robbery, or had they some special design in attacking this stranger?" remarked the squire, meditatively.

"It might have been the first, but I judged it to be the last," replied Solomon.

"The fact is, gentlemen," said the doctor, "we cannot possibly reach a solution of this case without an incomplete acquaintance with the subject as it stands at present. It will be necessary first to obtain the statement of the injured person, which will certainly be of advantage to us in seeking correct conclusions."

"True enough, doctor," said Solomon, "and as soon as the poor devil is able to speak we'll pump it out of him. But just now it's not to know their game we want, but to make them our game."

"That's just the point," said the constable of the district, who was present, but had taken no previous part in the discussion.

"There's been bad work about. The hounds are on the back track, and again we've guessed what they wanted, they'll be vanquished out of reach. Now my idea is to try what shoe-leather and horse-hides do first, and if we can't catch them that way, we'll try other ways after. If you hit one of them so hard they can't get up, I reckon they'll thought to be down by night, but to get a wink of sleep on to their track by sunrise. You know their looks, Sol, so I'll go along."

"I'm with you."

"And as there may be confusions to draw, perhaps I had better accompany the expedition," said the doctor.

"To-morrow then, at five, sharp," said the constable, pushing his way out.

The assemblage soon after broke up, satisfied that there was nothing further to be learned at present.

At the appointed hour the three persons were on the ground, fully armed and prepared. They proceeded to the scene of the affray, and without difficulty found the track of the retreating party, marked not only by the trampled grass, but by blood stains from their wounded comrades.

"Curse, my boy. You hit him hard," said the constable. "That's bad—damn near plain enough to have him by just hitting him in the lap. There's a dead shot among 'em, certain. And sure as fodder they'll eat down this tree to close the road! These ain't none o' your common foot-pads, but old hands at the trade, and I've a cut idea that I know where to put 'em."

"Then inform us whether your suspicion point."

"No, I'll tell. But I've got my road laid out. Let's fast follow up this track and see what's at the end of it."

The path made by the retreating robbers through the wood, was as plain as a highway to their eyes, blood drops staining the grass at every step. A half mile's walk brought them to a partial clearing, through which ran a small creek, a rude but standing on its bank. As they approached, the negro occupant was standing on the brink, gazing intently upon the stream. He hastily turned on discovering their presence, and came towards them.

"Hey, Sam, what's wrong?" asked Solomon. "You look down-hearnt this morning. Have you been robbed or murdered in the night that you're so down in the mouth?"

"Dad's it, Mr. Sol. I heard dem cursing like wild, and was afeared to come out; and now dey've took my boat."

"Aha! and which way did they go?"

"I dinno."

"Just go you down stream, Sam, said the constable. "If you find the boat, come after us as fast as your black heels can travel. They couldn't get up further than the road back of Joe Bradley's, and that's what we'll go."

The distance they had to walk, following the windings of the creek, was about six miles, and a considerable portion of this rather difficult to traverse. They moreover had to cross the brook, the banks of which journey occupied rather more than two hours. They had nearly reached the ford beyond which it would be impossible for the boat to pass, but no signs of it were visible, and they began to fear that possibly they had taken the wrong direction.

"Well, I'm afraid we're dashed," said the constable at length, "and I'd have but my pike we were on the right track. But they couldn't eat the boat, and we hadn't passed it, so it looks as if we'd sent Sam right and gone wrong ourselves. But maybe they've played some trick to shut our eyes."

"I'm with you on that," said Solomon, who had reached the road. "Here's wagon tracks that have a fresh look, and the dirt is tramped."

"Look along, Sol. See if their steps go down to the water."

"Sure as sun," cried Sol. "Here they are."

The doctor meanwhile was leaning over to pluck a bright crimson blossom that grew in a bunch of alder, overhanging the brink. As he did so his glance rested on the water between the slender stems of the bushes.

"And here is the boat!" he cried suddenly. "It has drifted inland to the bank by the force of an eddy, or has been concealed here so as to deceive us."

"Good!" cried the constable, "we're on the track to far. Now let's reckon on what next we'd do."

"It is easy to see by the hoof marks which they have gone," said Solomon, "but there are two questions to be asked. Where did they get those tools? and where shall we get a man to follow them up? There is no place for us to do it."

While debating this question they heard the sound of wheels rapidly approaching, and the next instant a horse and carriage turned a bend in the road and drove furiously up to them. It was driven by the round form of the host of the Forest Home.

"Hello, Joe! See Bradley! Full up, man," cried the officer. "Which way so fast this time now?"

"After a party of infernal boughs who broke into my stable last night and carried off a horse and team."

"Stealing your horse isn't the worse they've done," said Solomon. "We're after the same party. It looks then as if they've left the wounded man here while they went through their own stable."

"It appears so, indeed," said the doctor, "and our only course of operation will be to enter the carriage and pursue them. They have a considerable advantage in time, but it may be possible that with the disadvantages of their burden they may be detained so that we can overtake them."

"We'll try it anyhow, if Joe has no objection."

"Faith, you'll be a heavy weight on my horse if we've far to go," replied Joe. "But it's fresh, that's some comfort, and it may take us all if we want to capture the boughs. No jump in, we're losing minutes here in talk that we can spare."

As soon as the party had comfortably stowed themselves in the carriage, Joe laid the lash to his horse, and drove onward with former speed. It was a country road they ran on, and the few wagon tracks that ran into it were so little used, that it only needed the road was very rude, little more, in fact, than a trail through the pine woods, and was full of deep ruts, which must have rendered the progress of the fugitives slow if they had any regard for their wounded comrade.

After driving about five miles, the tracks entered a branch road to the left, which ran off to the east.

"I thought so, I'll swear if I didn't, cried the constable. "It's the Budd gang, sure you live, and making tracks for their headquarters. I'm fearful our game's up, for if they once get in the swamp it's no use."

"And what is the Budd gang?" asked the doctor.

"Well, well, that shows you don't know much about Robeson county anyhow. The Budds are set bloody thunders and villains that hamper the swamp like flies before sunrise. There's a wretched little town of them, half white and half nigger, that spend their time robbing and plundering, and they've killed a dozen men in different times."

"And why are they not pursued and captured?"

"Oh, the devil himself couldn't track them through the swamp. They've a dozen holes to hide in, and as go in and out they don't often come out alive. Three or four years ago we made a raid on them and brought them to a fight on the edge of the swamp. Old Allen Budd and his son Bill were killed, but the rest got off, and were being murdered and plundering ever since. There's eight or ten of the boughs left."

"And is the whole executive power of the district set at bay by desperadoes like these? There are four of us, well armed. Shall we not pursue them into their haunts?"

"About as much use as hunting a butterfly in a pine wood. But they're swampy, and you'll be in the swamp all day long."

"Faith, and you can count me in," said Bradley. "It's not the first time they've been in my stable and I owe them an old grudge."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"How worn Forest looks," said a bachelor friend, in passing. "He looks ten years older than he is."

"Unfortunate domestic relations, I fancy," said the man addressed. "Everybody predicted it when they were married. It has driven him to his profession though—a thing he would never have taken to naturally, for he was rather different when he was a young fellow—and he is now the most rapid rising man in the city."

"Poor comfort is that," said the other.

Poor comfort, indeed! But of course there was one comfort—tiny little girl, with soft, peachy cheeks, and hair like lambs' sun-shine. She was touching him now, how the thwarted affection of the man's nature clung around the child. All his leisure hours were spent with it. Fanny was content that it should be so. It relieved her of some conscience, and drew Donald's attention away from himself. His always blandish conduct irritated and annoyed her, was a perpetual rebuke to her own frivolity, and a thorn in her conscience. But Donald's love for the child was very convenient this winter; her old favorite, Mr. Strathairn, was in town, and Fanny frequented the theatre constantly. Donald was not particularly put out by it, especially since she had outlived her fancy for the stage.

This bleak evening in March, Donald Forst came home, to find his wife out as usual. Not gone to the theatre, for the season was just ended. He did not ask for her, but he went with his book and newspaper quietly up stairs.

The gas was burning low in Fanny's room, and little Floy was sleeping sweetly. Donald had over a moment. Such a pretty picture—tiny, closely-clasped hands, with pink, miniature nails and dainty finger-tips, the comical little nose, and the bewitching rosebud of a mouth, the chin like the half of a white cherry, and the drooping eyelids silken fringed. Something rose in his heart to mark the delight with which he looked at her, and he was turning away, with a bitter feeling that he would not name, when he heard the door-bell ring.

"A lady waiting for you, sir," said the maid, in a moment.

"A lady! Professional business, of course."

But Mr. Forst did not enjoy the society of his lady clients as much as Mr. Furnival did, and he went down stairs deliberately enough. As he opened the parlor door, the lady who was standing there came towards him quickly. Her dress was tasteful and elegant; there was grace even in the abrupt tone and impatient manner in which she ad-dressed.

"Mrs. Dillaway!" he exclaimed, in surprise. He saw at once that she was in trouble. His next words took this for granted. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

The flow of words that seemed ready to slip from her lips was stayed.

"I can be of any service to you," he said, very kindly.

The kindness was natural to the man. It overflowed upon all his subordinates and dependents—upon the dog that slept by the office fire, and the kitten that stole up from the kitchen, and rubbed her sides upon his chair. Mrs. Dillaway's heart ached for him—she forgot herself for a moment.

"It is not so much for myself—more for your sake, that I came here to-night," she said, gently.

Some silent premonition fell upon him. He sat down, and motioned her to a chair. She did not obey, but stood looking at him, a great pity in her face.

"What is it?" he said, in a moment.

"Do you know where your wife is to-night?" she asked.

"No! Do you?"

She put a folded paper into his hand. His face grew very white, as, taking it to the light, he recognized Fanny's hand. He came back, crushing the paper in his fingers.

"So you came to tell me that my wife has slipped—or is going to do so—with this Mr. Strathairn?"

She shrank away from him, trembling. The stony whiteness in his face appalled her.

"It is the least you can do. Go on—I am waiting to hear. Do you know where they are?"

She receded a step.

"I can tell you, but I must be assured of it first," she said, brokenly.

"You want me to make terms—what is he to you?"

She began to sob.

"He is my husband, although we are known by different names—I love him!"

He looked at her wonderingly.

"You blame me!" she cried. "I don't care for myself, though I've tried to keep them apart—for the sake of my little boys. Oh, Mr. Forst, wasn't it as much her fault?"

He passed the room, remembering the baby up stairs.

"This man is safe from me," he said, gloomily, stopping before her. "Now tell me, so that I may know what to do—if it is worth while to do anything," and his face settled into that stony immobility that had startled her so.

Mrs. Dillaway was very quiet for a moment or two, and then said—

"I have another note here, which explains more. Mrs. Forst was to spend the evening at Mrs. Merchant's; a carriage was to come to take her home, but was to be driven out of town instead. It was to take him up at the top of Regent-street, and they were to drive to—, to take the night express for the north. It isn't too late—"

He interrupted scornfully—

"Oh, no! Not too late to save scandal, and that world's opinion is very precious—dearer than honor or innocence. I'm too late for that—thank you."

"For your child's sake, Mr. Forst!"

The look of scornful contempt died away; a flush of love and tenderness overswept his face. Mrs. Dillaway went away. For a moment Donald Forst stood still; then his plane all became clear to him. In a moment more he had left the house.

CHAPTER III.

There had been a gay little party at Mrs. Merchant's; Fanny's carriage was announced.

"We would urge you to stay longer, but you don't look quite well to-night. Are you not ill?" said Fanny's cheek in tying her hood.

"I am perfectly well," said Fanny, her eyes every moment growing brighter, and her cheeks a more vivid crimson. "I would stay longer, my dear, only I'm very anxious to get home to my baby, and a tear fell as she spoke.

Lucy Merchant made a movement to kiss her, but Fanny affected not to see it, and hurried away. One of her admirers attended her, and came back quickly puffed by her sharp, diminished, not at all prepared to accost in Miss Lucy's company, that Mrs. Forst had had a great deal more tact, after all, than people gave her credit for."

The carriage rattled away, bearing its shrinking, guilty inmate. It seemed a very long time to Fanny before they reached the point where they were to take up Mr. Strathairn, and she was eager for the protection of his presence. All her gayety had been put on for bravado. Like most weak, sinful people, she was a coward at heart, and now as they passed pavements where solitary pedestrians walked alone, she imagined every one to be her husband, and was miserably afraid. At last the carriage stopped, and a man, closely wrapped in a cloak and fur muffler, got out.

"Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you are come!" she exclaimed.

"

Some indistinct words that she did not quite understand followed, for now they were noiselessly rattling over the road. They came into long streets of dwelling-houses, where all the lights were put out, and the people asleep. It seemed as though they were a great while getting out of the city, and when they turned into a quiet street, where the wheels rolled more easily, Fanny thinking she could make herself heard, said—

"Are we not almost there?" said her husband.

"Yes, Fanny, we are almost there," said Donald. "But the nearer that fall upon her at the sound of that voice! She shivered wildly, and tried to discern what was the thwarted desire of the man's nature clinging around the child. All his leisure hours were spent with it. Fanny was content that it should be so. It relieved her of some conscience, and drew Donald's attention away from himself. His always blandish conduct irritated and annoyed her, was a perpetual rebuke to her own frivolity, and a thorn in her conscience. But Donald's love for the child was very convenient this winter; her old favorite, Mr. Strathairn, was in town, and Fanny frequented the theatre constantly. Donald was not particularly put out by it, especially since she had outlived her fancy for the stage.

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"I am no believer in clairvoyance or spiritualism in any form, and yet in the absence of some mysterious and supernatural agency it is difficult to account for the singular circumstances of which I am about to write. However incredible the story may appear, it is literally true in every particular.

A few years ago, I, the present author of this paper, was in a position somewhat analogous in seeking knowledge would have suited me better. I couldn't help it that I had tired of you. And yet you've been very good to me. Do you forgive me now, Donald?" and she looked up at him with a smile.

"I made a great mistake, I know. I never blamed you for it, Fanny," he said.

"Yes, yes! I knew it very soon. You didn't suit me. I wanted more life and dash. A little recklessness would have suited me better. I couldn't help it that I had tired of you. And yet you've been very good to me. Do you forgive me now, Donald?" and she looked up at him with a smile.

"I forgive you long ago, Fanny. Don't think any more about it now. We have both been very unhappy and very unfortunate. We will pray, both of us, to be pitied and forgiven."

She lay silent a little, and then, fixing her eyes upon him, said, wistfully—

"Lay little Floy beside me."

He did so. A light came over her face—nothing of peace and contentment came into it.

"I am glad you forgive me, Donald. Some day you will marry again—don't say bush—I know, I hope you will. You'll be happy too, I daresay. I can imagine the woman who will suit you—gentle and pale and sweet—a soft brightness about her, like the sun shining through summer clouds. She will be all that you fancied I was. And then Floy will have a mother."

Donald dropped upon his knees beside the bed, and shook with convulsive sobs.

"O Fanny, I shall never love any one better than you when we were married," he said.

"I know; but I never could have been what you wanted me to—it wasn't in me. I've been happy, though, in a way; but now my day is past, but don't feel so badly—not fully can I tell."

The night wore on, the stars faded, the gray dawn went out with the dawn, and that feverish, unsatisfactory, lost life went with it. And over the earth came a new day, with its multitude of capacities and hopes, its infinity of possibilities, and its world of compensation.

Ten years are nothing in the retrospect, yet a world of events and emotions may be crowded into them. Strange, sad changes the years work around us—stranger, sadder ones in ourselves. Life grows old, hope grows weary, love dies, misfortune crushes us, or the petty routine of life wears away our energies.

Donald knew that he grew old fast: the peaceful years told upon him as heavily as stormy ones. And yet their rest had been sweet. But the monotony had grown tiresome, and the days had become dreary. Floy had come to him, and he had begun to take pleasure-trips, travel in Scotland, lingering long among its hills and mountains, and at last staying in a lovely valley in Wales, till the glory of the golden summer days had faded into autumn.

The valley was walled by mountains—great shaggy peaks, that cut the blue heaven with keen, crystalline points, jagged gray rocks clinging to their flanks, bold, outstretching cliffs, overlooking fathomless gulches—glowing and beautiful in the splendor of noon, or weird and dim and ghostly in the twilight.

Wandering about the valley, climbing the heights, alured from point to point by wide views that opened constantly before him, he sat down one day in the heart of the mountains, the great peaks shining white and cold about him, the valley lying green and lovely at his feet. Floy was with him—an impulsive, enthusiastic child, full of wild life and exuberant spirits. Donald sat absorbed in the scene, and Floy, tempted by the blue glimmer of the lovely mountain flowers, crept away.

A moment, and Donald was startled by a sharp, frightened cry, then a loud shriek—a piteous pleading for help. It was Floy's voice.

He sprang up, wild with terror. For him the cliff stood away gently for a little distance, then for a hundred feet precipitous and steep, broken by rocks and stunted evergreen, and the debris of some avalanches that years before had broken away from that side of the mountain; below this, a base of solid rock that went sheer down a thousand feet to a pool of water that lay black and opaque at the bottom of the ravine.

With this information, I returned to my lodgings, but frequently my thoughts would revert to the lonely house and its occupants.

Donald abdicated. Half way down the

steep side of the cliff, holding by the little pine tree that swayed under her hand, above the impossible rocks, below the terrible chasm. He shouted to her to hold fast, and in a moment was in search of a path by which he could reach her. He remembered a way opening from below, and leading along the side of the declivity. He took this way, leaped over huge rocks, pushed through tangled bushes, shouting hopefully to Floy as he went.

But presently his path broke off, cut in by a gash in the rock, and he could not cross. He stopped in an agony of dread, not knowing what to do. And now a voice called out sweet and clear from above, and the child heard it, and looked up hopefully. A woman was coming to her rescue.

"Go farther down—you can cross the gap a little way below—and I will try to reach you from above."

Donald obeyed, and struggling along the rough way, under the shade of huge cliff, that overhung him and made night all around him, he presently heard a joyful cry, and some happy words floated over to him.

"I have her quite safe."

He made his way back, and found Floy, pale and crying, clinging to the hand of the lady, and covering her face and hair with green leaves.

"There were no words possible; only Donald said, after a moment—

"You have saved to me all that I valued in life."

And Alice Dale would not have asked so much of him, if she had not been very fond of him. She began to suspect the fact after a little.

The midsummer heats came on, and she grew all the time weaker. Her friends came in to see her, and could hardly recognize, in this faded, feeble-petulant woman, the dash and beauty that she had known.

"I have no time to go to the theatre," said Alice.

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"I

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Jan. 6, 1872]

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, *The Saturday Evening Post*, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

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Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novels, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

BEST WRITERS

that can be presented—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne"; Mrs. Margaret Housman, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornebury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillian Denevere Hale, "Big" Mrs. Fanny M. Fendige, Mrs. M. L. R. Burke, Ebba E. Bradford, etc., etc., etc. It will be entirely neutral in politics.

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As our enlarged paper will afford no the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

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Bliss satin crevets for gentlemen are now considered the correct thing.

The Manasseh Press, a Wisconsin paper, says that recently its editor was astonished at seeing "two young ladies with shot guns on their shoulders and pouches by their sides, striding off to the woods on a general hunt."

The

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872.

A NEW NOVELET.

We commence in the present number a powerfully written novelist, called

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

or,

A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

This is a novel of absorbing interest, and we will be read with great delight by our readers.

As we expect to have a large demand for the early numbers of the year, we advise those who wish the opening chapters of this story to send in their subscriptions and orders as early as possible.

ANOTHER NOVELET.

About the first of February we also design commanding another novelist, entitled

SEVEN GRAVES;

or,

THE HEIRS OF DUNLEATH.

BY ESTHER SEVILLE KENNETH.

This is a picturesque and fascinating story. Our readers will get some idea by these announcements of the rare treat we have prepared for them in the way of choice and captivating fiction. We are determined that during the year we shall enter upon in our next number, as in that now concluded, no paper in the country shall equal us in this line. The reputation of our stories has always been unrivaled, but in the whole long life of *The Post* we do not think it has ever presented to its readers such a more brilliant array of literary novelties than at present.

A notable announcement among literature young ladies is the making of *paper* (*paper* *paper*). This announcement is now being extensively cultivated in the various sections of society here, who, by sending the fragrant paper, are qualifying themselves to sit in English with a *paper* accent.

A MAN'S COURAGE.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thank heaven! I know what men are made of! I wouldn't marry so sooner if I'd marry a *wolly bear*!

Talk about manly courage and bravery, and all that! I never saw a man yet that wasn't afraid of his own shadow in the night-time.

There was Molly Hobbs—the bravest young woman over I care. She used to keep a gun standing at the head of her bed to scare away the robbers, though she didn't really expect any'd ever come.

But one night their house was broken into, and Molly she woke up and took John Hobbs on the shoulder, and says:

"You'd better get up, John. There's somebody in the house."

But John he pretended to be asleep until Molly got out herself. He walked up quick enough then because he was scared of being left alone.

"Come," says Molly, "They're down stairs. I'll take the candle and you carry the gun."

And what do you think her John did then? Why put Molly in front, so's to light the way, as said, so as he could see to fire, and he cracked down the stairs behind her, ready to drop of anybody had come in sight.

Two or three calls after all, had jumped into the room, and made all the noise.

Talk about men's courage! after that. The only thing that would have scared Molly was that they both might a' got scared at each other, and run separate ways!

There ain't anything they ain't afraid of—from askin' a woman to have 'em, to havin' a woman ask them. It's leap-year once more, but goodness knows, the men needn't be afraid of me!

I wanted a new milkman to serve me the other day—I thought if I'd change I might get something besides chalk and water for a week or two—and so I walked up to one in the street, a pretty good-lookin' one, and I says, "I thought I'd stop and propose to you."

"My! if he didn't shoot off quis'ler'n a flash. And when he got clear to the corner he turned round and sung out at the top of his voice:

"I know you, you old maid, you! Can't you see all of my tricks around me, if I'm leap-year?"

But that's the way with every mother's son of 'em. They think every woman's ready to make the leap of she's asked, and they conclude we're ravin' crazy when leap-year comes round.

I did think of askin' Brother Grimes to cowhide that milkman when he caught him; but I heard to-day that he and Bensanity Tootie was goin' to be married to-morrow evening.

Most likely he'd a' been afraid to touch him anyway! I expect he's a born coward like the rest of 'em, and I wish Bensanity much joy of her bargain. Ef he'd been half a man he wouldn't a' been caught by her!

—JEROME.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELIA WHEELER.

There are some things I am sick of; and ones is reading in every magazine or paper I take up, such sentences as—"The odor of cabbage and onions hangs about the houses, as about most houses in the country"; or, "The worthy dame was cooking onions for dinner—the staple article of food for country people"; or, "Her breath was perfumed with onions, an article of perfumery much used by rustics"; etc., etc.

I say I am sick of it. I live in the country, when I am at home. But I am not always at home. I have been in several cities, in my life, and I positively assert that I have seen and smelled more onions in one week spent in any of these several cities, than in any month, any few months, spent in the country.

Some country people cook onions frequently, and some don't. Some city people do, and some don't, but I know more who do than who don't. That is their right, and nobody's business; but I do wish literary people who live in the city, would note the onions in their writings.

Ladies do not like to open their parlors only to have their beautiful Wiltons and Axminster

Trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet, till they ideal with the horrible stink of the street;

and it does seem a little inopportune to stick up a notice on the front stoop, reading: "Only gentlemen in carriages admitted."

Still the fashion, if not so universally observed, has yet plenty of adherents—and many and beautiful are the costumes prepared especially for that day, and many a lovely belle has been notified to leave her luxurious couch at an unearthly season, and dispense with her second nap, as the hairdresser was engaged every hour except from three to four in the morning. They don't like much, but what can they do? The pretty girls must be arranged to compare with the elegant dress upon which each a world of time and talent and money had been expended. Of course they expect to captivate some appreciative "he," and if their hopes are realized, perhaps it is worth the trouble and expense. And whether they do or not, there is a satisfaction in looking pretty and in being admired, and with some of the costumes seen it would be a plain misfortune that would not be irresistible. In most cases full dress is insisted upon. (Full dress, I mean as little dress as possible, and everybody else means the same.) White tulip dresses over white silk are the rage at present, for any grand occasion, and many have been made expressly for New Years. These dresses are adorned with flowers arranged in an informal manner without any apparent design. The very prettiest of these are usually sprinkled all over with rose petals, that look as though scattered there by a shower. Some of them have overdone the China cups instead of tulips; these are usually white, though several beauties have expressed a preference for blue and pale rose color. The corsage is always low—very low, and instead of the points of last season are plain round waists, to be worn with elegant sashes. The sleeve is a simple puff or spoulette.

THE COLD WEATHER

of the week has not been conducive to a display of street suits. The fact is that ladies don't like a shivering walk down a cold street through half as well as they like to lounge in the sun in the soft negligence of an old wrap and slippers, by the side of a well-heated fire.

There is a general impression that ladies are apt to get lonely if capped too long, but such is not the case; for whoever she is, rest assured she has her dear ten thousand lady callers who are sure to drop in and chitter away unimportuningly in the most delightful manner imaginable. There is nothing they do not think of, and they can't help telling how Mary and Kate were dressed at the last ball, and how young Mr. Somebody was perfectly beside himself with admiration, and had called every day since; and what a dreadful thing it is about Miss Peabody, and who she has been thinking of!—but may be, having her thoughts all to herself, she may be having a male flirt, whom she is keeping secret, and that life is, perhaps without a single written or spoken vow of love, simply by those delicate

situations which cost so little but mean so much, to win the fresh, pure, trusting heart of a girl—to toy with it so with a token—and finally to break it back upon itself, as something too poor to keep; teaching her, as he has been taught, that there are other songs without words, besides those of Mendelssohn, and when her every sense is wrung by the soft music,

"That guitar on the spirit stool,
Those wild voices upon steel wire,"

suddenly stopping the soul satisfying strains, and leaving her to carry about with her a heart that will feel an aching void until the day of heaven sweep over her weary spirit, and awakening answering chords, made of

silence, though she didn't know it then.

"Give me a tiny stirrup,

"Break the light of a chandelier,

"With music to fill up the pauses,

And nothing very real."

And well known it is that the atmosphere of parties, added by the seductive accompaniment of music, the feverish dance, the brilliant toilette, the generous wine, the sparkling and mingled wit, wisdom, and folly of conversation, and above all, the conspicuous display of beauty in women, make of the party a quiet little life this season, giving measure of pleasure. Nightly, words which, if honestly spoken to hear, would make life easier to souls, words and vows of love emptier than air, are listened to with kind eyes and warm blushes; and low-voiced protestations that seem to bear the very soul of truth, but "false as Grenda," thrill many a manly heart whose awakened love is worse than useless.

—WILLIS COOPER.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR FRIENDS—What about "New Year"—it is necessary to say something, isn't it?

Now I know as well as anybody that there are no new indulging in vain regrets; that quarreling with old Mother Nature because she made us a little different from something else, is poor business, besides being unphilosophical; and also because averaged the time we have us all the desirable qualities she could without "robbing" some other person; but somehow just now I do feel a little dissatisfied; I would be happier, I think, if I were of a moralizing turn. It is so fashionable, you know, to say something pathetic and horrible about the year that is gone, and the days that are never to return—the wasted hours, lost opportunities, and the blessings that have been showered in such profusion upon poor erring sinners. But sorry as I am for everything that has happened in the last twelve months—and grateful as I may be for all I have received—I find it impossible to get it down paper in anything like proper shape. I would be glad to make everybody weep, if they would enjoy it; but not being sentimental, chances are, after I have exhausted all my eloquence, pathos, etc., it would not be sufficient to start the lachrymose fluid, and that would be worse than nothing.

So you see, if the readers of the Post must cry, it is not I, but they can't depend upon me for material.

As for seeing anything solemn about the death of the old year, I confess I don't.

I should as soon think of shedding tears at the grave of Adam.

The only serious thing about it is, that we are reminded that we are a year older than we were a year ago, and that, to widows and spinster, isn't a pleasant reflection; though if I were a man and a gambler, I would risk considerably that nine out of every ten of them have consulted the mirror and openly declared that they haven't changed a particle—don't look a day older than they did last New Year.

ABOUT CALLS

there is nothing particularly startling to announce. January, a blustering, dislocating old rascal at best, has seen fit for a good many years to come staggering in, attended by sleet and snow, sleet and rain, as though his aim and intention was to break up the social custom of receiving one's friends and exchanging the compliments of the season.

It is this he has in a degree succeeded.

Ladies do not like to open their parlors only to have their beautiful Wiltons and Axminsters

Trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,

Till they ideal with the horrible stink of the street;

and it does seem a little inopportune to stick up a notice on the front stoop, reading:

"Only gentlemen in carriages admitted."

And the fashion, if not so universally observed, has yet plenty of adherents—and many and beautiful are the costumes prepared especially for that day, and many a lovely belle has been notified to leave her luxurious couch at an unearthly season, and dispense with her second nap, as the hairdresser was engaged every hour except from three to four in the morning. These dresses are adorned with flowers arranged in an informal manner without any apparent design. The very prettiest of these are usually white, though several beauties have expressed a preference for blue and pale rose color. The corsage is always low—very low, and instead of the points of last season are plain round waists, to be worn with elegant sashes. The sleeve is a simple puff or spoulette.

CHARLIE CALHOUN came the next morning, and before night-fall he had been introduced to Ita and much to Marcia's delight, had immediately fallen in love with her.

"She is fairest, sweetest, best," he said, coming over to where Marcia sat alone in the twilight. "I have never seen any woman before whom I would care to make my wife."

Leaning down, she kissed the pale cheeks until their roses bloomed again, and finally ran merrily from the room, laughing at her own fears of the moment before.

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"She is fairest, sweetest, best," he said, coming over to where Marcia sat alone in the twilight. "I have never seen any woman before whom I would care to make my wife."

And as the merry winter days went by, he no longer sought to change his mind.

They were constantly into each other's society, and Ita found at length that she was perfect.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

some of his mistakes, however, by some of the young fellows who hadn't much reverence for the "city chap."

Hetty made up her mind that city people weren't much ahead of country people, if Mr. Maxfield was a fair specimen of the former. In fact she thought him rather shallow and contemptuous, and didn't like him very well.

"I don't admire that young Maxfield particularly," remarked John to her, between the next dances. "Do you?"

"Oh yes, I like him ever so much," answered Hetty, with a great share of earnestness. "He's so different from most young men here, you know—so refined, and gentle, and all that sort of thing."

"I can't see it," answered John, who had taken a violent dislike to Maxfield. "There isn't a young fellow here to-night that doesn't know a good deal more than he does, if he is from the city."

"Present company always accepted, I suppose," laughed Hetty, who liked to provoke John, and pretended to admire Maxfield for that very reason.

John didn't answer. But by-and-by he asked Hetty for a dance.

"I'm engaged to Mr. Maxfield for this one," answered Hetty, demurely. "After that, I might give you one, if you wanted it."

"Oh don't make any difference with your arrangements with Maxfield on my account," said John, stiffly—and forthwith fell to flirting with Lucy Cross.

"What fools folks can make of themselves!" said Hetty to herself, as she watched the flirtation, and kept up one of her own with Maxfield, who seemed to be quite an adept at that accomplishment.

I am unable to say whether she made a personal application of this bit of wisdom or not.

Hetty and Mr. Maxfield danced together several times—and she managed to make John think that she was very highly interested and entertained by the city gentleman.

As she and John rode home after the ball, but little was said. He evidently felt that she was to blame—and she was too proud to confess that she was ashamed of her flirtation. Consequently they said good-night very coolly.

After that night Maxfield came to see Hetty often, and Hetty, knowing that John would hear of it, was very polite and affable, and made the young gentleman think she was highly flattered and delighted with his visits.

She went out walking with him, and let him see her home from church, and rode out in his handsome buggy, and had the satisfaction of meeting John once, walking with Lucy Cross; and immediately she discovered that she "did dislike that Lucy Cross" so much.

And so she and John tried to spite each other, and by so doing spited themselves most of all.

The kind amusement went on all summer. When John and Hetty met, they were frigidly cool and polite to each other, and entirely devoted to Mr. Maxfield and Miss Cross respectively, while all the time they had a cordial dialogue for those individuals.

One night there was a party, and everybody was invited. John and Hetty were there, and Mr. Maxfield and Miss Cross; and Mr. Maxfield brought a young city friend with him, whom he introduced to Hetty as Mr. Jay.

After an hour or two of dancing, the gentlemen strolled out to smoke their cigars.

Hetty was taking a turn in the garden, when she came to a stand-still on hearing her name spoken.

"Yes, rather a pretty girl," said a voice she recognized as Maxfield's. "I've had quite a flirtation with her this summer. She evidently thinks I'm in earnest, and expects me to ask her to mine, &c., but I can't see it. I'm sorry for her, of course, for she'll feel bad when she finds out that I have been amusing myself at her expense, but it's so confoundedly dull here that a person's got to do something to keep from stagnating."

Hetty's cheeks burned with indignation. "The impudent wretch!" she said, with blazing eyes. "To think I cared for Miss Maxfield! I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man in the world!"

Some one was coming down the path.

Hetty tried to get away, and in making the attempt came spat upon John.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" she said. "What a beautiful night it is."

"Yes," answered John. "I suppose you are enjoying yourself ever so much?"

"No, I don't think I am," answered Hetty, honestly. "I'd much rather stay here and talk than to dance."

"Mr. Maxfield will miss you," said John with a little sarcasm.

"I hope you don't think I care for that puppy!" cried Hetty. "I'm sure you're mistaken, if you do."

"Is that so?" asked John, evidently getting rather interested.

"Of course it is," answered Hetty, with emphasis. "I don't know as I'm under any obligation to like him, because folks said I did."

"Hetty," said John suddenly, "can't you like me well enough to let bygones be bygones?"

"I don't know, but I can, if you want me to," said Hetty, dropping her eyes in rosy confusion.

"Of course I want you too!" said John.

"I wish you could like me well enough to marry me, Hetty."

"Ishan't tell you whether I could or not till you ask me to," said Hetty mischievously.

"Could you?" asked John, determined to know how matters stood.

"I could try," answered Hetty.

I am pretty sure John kissed her, but I am not prepared to make such a statement as a fact. I think he ought to have done so, if he didn't.

Just then who should come up the path but Maxfield and his friend.

"Good evening," said Maxfield coolly to John. "I have been looking for you, Miss Stephens."

We have been talking about being married next Christmas," said John, manufacturing an enormous fib expressly for the occasion.

"Allow me to invite you in advance, gentleman, to the wedding."

Maxfield turned all manner of colors, and evidently felt pretty cheap. His friend looked at him with no little amusement in his face.

"Let's go in," said John. "They're turning up for a walk. Good evening, gentlemen."

And Hetty went in, and left her city boy to express a not very flattering opinion of "country girls."

LOVE-MAKING.

Love-making is an uncommon pleasant employment for the winter nights. You may talk of the perils of young men when they come to town, but that is not better suffered than giving such young fellows the associations of high and even women. Parents make an innocent mistake in taking too severely a monetary view of a young fellow's prospects. I never knew a young fellow under six or seven a cloud, who, with purpose and ability, could not work out his way into the sunlight. Better even the long engagement, or the early marriage, than many other suppositions that might be put.

"For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven,
Than is the man's passion for a maid;
Not only to lay down the sum in meat,
But to lay down the heart, and even the soul,
And conscience, and the desire of man,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

THE GRAVE.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GIPSY WILDE.

Great God! I under the soft hill!
Most dear and forms be bid?
Are none saved from the cursed sin,
That blinds our follow to shew as in.
As I sit here, I see the world go by,
Away from sight, away from me?
Aye, take thy leave to thy heart to-day,
For tomorrow we'll meet him never,
Look at the world, it's all a dream,
Where thy lips press so tenderly now,
How many scenes the life of Death
Are yet to come, and how he will make
Leave them all on earth, and have strange
So often and greatly curst by thy hands;
With such a sad, sad look, and such a sigh,
Once long and fixed into the eye
Whose brightness for thee can never die;
A few more days, and he will be bid,
Curdled death, to take him hence away.
Tenderly, lovingly smooth the face,
Coax the smile from their hiding place;
For soon the smile of the face will fade
Out of the gloom, Death's hand is made.
Tightly close the lips to tame,
The coldly whitened, Then art mine?"
He bowed and murmured that her thanks
Were not necessary.

As she started on her way, he walked
Along by her side. Arriving at home, he
Was about to proceed on his way, when she
Spoke.

"Will you come in, Mr. Pierpoint?"
He accepted her invitation, and they both
Entered the house. He passed a very pleasant
half hour, and then took his departure.

After that he called quite frequently, and
before long he began to discover that there
was some peculiar charm in this girl's society
for him. He knew that she was engaged; and
after awhile, when he heard of that, there would come a strange
pain to his heart.

I know that when he became infatuated of
this he should have discontinued his calls.
But that he reader, it is very hard for any
of us—in fact, impossible—to always do right;
and the best of us sometimes make
such serious mistakes as to make us
desirous of doing something to help him.
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"I know not which is sweater, no not I,
O love, if death be sweater, let me die!"

"I have heard a great deal about the great,
the all-absorbing power of love; but I am
certain that I, who am engaged, cannot
precise nor believe in any such things."

Mrs. Dorwert looked troubled. She believed in love matches herself. Sylvia had
been very quiet and undemonstrative about
her engagement, but the mother had always
supposed, heretofore, that it was a deep,
strong attachment that bound her to her
brother, Neal Herford. And now that
Sylvia had made the declaration that Neal
didn't seem much nearer than many other
friends, Mrs. Dorwert was much pained, and
alarmed for the happiness of her daughter.

"Sylvia," she said, "you know that I like
Neal Herford; but I must say that unless
you feel that he is dearer to you than all
the world besides, you peril your happiness
in marrying him."

Sylvia bent low over the embroidery that
she held in her hand.

"I do not love him in that way," she said
in a low tone. "But I do like him, and I
don't know that I am capable of liking any
one any better. Perhaps my heart is cold."

"You make me tremble, Sylvia, for your
future happiness."

"Well, what am I to do?"

Mrs. Dorwert grew thoughtful.

"I scarcely know how to answer your
question," she said presently. "I can say
that this much; you ought not to marry
unless you love him."

"I suppose not," Sylvia said in a very
soft voice. "But the question is, what is
love?"

"I suppose it is," she said. "But the question is
what is love with me?"

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what is love with me?"

"Did you never believe that you felt more
warmly toward him?"

"Never," Sylvia answered earnestly. "Oh,
mother, I have sometimes wished for that
precision that all of Tennyson's verse
expresses:

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain,
But sweater far is death that pangs end to pain.
I know not which is sweater, me, not I."

Mrs. Dorwert rose, and took her daughter
by the hand in her.

"Sylvia," she said, "I see but one course;
that is, for you to break your engagement
with Mr. Herford. I think that you happiness
is not love him; it will wreck both your
lives."

"I don't know, but I can, if you want me to," said Hetty, dropping her eyes in rosy confusion.

"Of course I want you too!" said John.

"I wish you could like me well enough to
marry me, Hetty."

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else, and bestow upon him nothing but flat-
tery. So she treated him somewhat coldly; but
he was very cordial to her—and rather en-
joyed it. "If I were a chaste man," he said,
"I was not accustomed to, and something
out of the perpetual round of flattery
that was desirable. To tell the truth, Ralph
Pierpoint's was rather a fine nature, and the
courage that he had received had not spoiled
him. He had experienced enough to turn
almost anybody's head, but was still pretty
much the same old Ralph, a genial, open-
hearted, clever fellow.

One day Sylvia was walking along the
street, carrying some sheet music. The
day was a somewhat windy one, and pre-
sently, in an inadvertent moment, a gust
snatched it out of her hand. She started
after it, when a gentleman caught it and re-
turned it to her. She looked into his face
and he smiled.

"Thank you," she said.

He bowed and murmured that her thanks
were not necessary.

As she started on her way, he walked
along by her side. Arriving at home, he
was about to proceed on his way, when she
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A YOUNG LADY'S THROAT CUT WITH THE CORE OF AN APPLE.

The New York Star says:—Miss Mary Ellen Foy, the young lady whose throat was cut by the core of an apple, in the Normal School a few days ago, dying. She was eating the apple, and, while in the act of swallowing a portion of the core, it cut the lining of her throat and several of the arteries like a knife. Her classmates were astonished to see her fall over on the floor and vomit large quantities of blood. She was carried to the police station, but little could be done for her beyond keeping her perfectly quiet. Her mother, who had been summoned, was not allowed to remove her until next morning, for fear of fatal consequences. The poor woman sat in the station-house watching her daughter all night. Next day she took her home, where she has lain ever since, slowly wasting away. It is impossible for her to eat or drink anything whatever, and her mother has been compelled to confess that nothing can enter it. She is weak, from loss of blood and starvation, that the physicians in attendance refuse to perform any operation on her, or even to insert a silvery feeding tube below the wound, as has been successfully done in other instances where the mouth or throat have been injured. They say that she could not survive an instant. She was a bright, amiable young woman, very much esteemed and beloved by all her acquaintances.

ANOTHER TRUDE MYSTERY.

QUEBEC, Dec. 26.—A trunk mystery causes great excitement in this city. The other day a box was found in the Grand Trunk Rail-road car containing the mutilated body of a woman in a partially decomposed condition. The limbs had been cut off, and the flesh hacked off in lumps for conveniences of packing. The box had been left behind by a stranger, who had crossed the river in a ferry boat. His name is unknown. Foul play is suspected, and the authorities are busy investigating the matter.

Snow-Bird Match.—A snow-bird match was shot December 22, between Captain Bogardus, champion shot of the United States, and James Ward, of Toronto. Ward shot sixty-six birds out of one hundred, and Bogardus sixty-five. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the result, as either man could have done much better.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 23.—Jesse H. Grant's condition is improving, and it is now thought he will recover.

ITEMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30.—Wong Haly, son of the late president of the Ning Yang Company, was buried to-day with Catholic ceremonies; nearly one hundred Chinese were in the line, with twenty hired mourners and five wagon loads of provisions and flowers.

Alexis reached Cleveland on the night of Dec. 26, and was received at the depot by the Mayor and a committee of citizens, and was serenaded later in the evening. He will arrive at St. Louis on Jan. 5th, and is to have a grand reception there.

Cataclysma has gone to Washington to join his family there. He is quietly winding up his private affairs preparatory to his departure for Europe.

The evidence on the prosecution in the case of Mrs. Wharton, on trial at Annapolis for the murder of General Ketcham, by the administration of poison, closed Dec. 27th, and the defense opened.

Garrroters have appeared at Salt Lake City. Two persons have been garrotted there within the week.

Small pox is said to be decreasing in Cincinnati.

The Russian fleet is ordered to remain in the harbor of New York for the present.

In California the weather continues rainy, and the grass is growing rapidly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SICKNESS. A correspondent of a New York paper gives the following interesting account of the Prince's sickness:—

In every place of worship (Jew and Gentle) there were special prayers for the royal sufferer. In the Roman Catholic churches in England it is the rule that after the mass and before the *Pater Noster* and the three vices said by the priest and the congregation, officiating priest, standing in front of the altar, also say a prayer for the Queen. On the Sunday when the royal sufferer's disease was at its worst, in addition to this prayer was read a special petition for the recovery of the Prince, prescribed by the order of the Archbishop.

In the church of the establishment something similar was done. But that afternoon they heard news that compelled them once more to fear that the Prince was "past praying for," so far as saying his life was concerned. The five o'clock bulletin was anxiously waited for; it arrived about six, and it was read with grief. Then, after nine hours of waiting, came this:

SANDRINGHAM, Dec. 11.—30 A. M.—The Prince has had a little sleep. The symptoms are unchanged.

CONSULTATION.—A CHANGE OF TREATMENT.—From the last official bulletin of that night, last Wednesday, private dispatches and the letters of the special correspondents had arrived and were sent to me. Some of them were very interesting. To begin with, it transpired that on Saturday night the three physicians in attendance on the Prince had called into consultation another eminent brother, and that the result of that consultation was a change in the treatment, consisting substituted for the brandy and other stimulants with which the patient had been sustained up to that time. It was also ascertained that the statement made that one of his lungs "was gone" was erroneous, and that the still more fatal report that "paroxysm of the bowels" had occurred was false. But it was true that the lungs of the patient were truly congested. Since Friday morning there had not been any real recovery of strength, but only alternations of tranquillity and depression, weight of the inflammation of the lungs. The Prince would occasionally have a violent paroxysm, which would end in vomiting this water, give him relief, and he would fall into a沉吟. At intervals he would be conscious for a few moments, and then his mind would suddenly cease to act. But on Sunday morning, between eight and seven o'clock, the Prince seemed to be really better.

THE PRINCE AT WORSHIP.—The Princess, whose composure and resignation throughout the whole of her trouble has been wonderful, determined to go to church and pray for her husband. The church is not very far from Sandringham House, and is reached by a path running through the private grounds. At nine o'clock the Princess went following the way to the Rev. Luke Oakshaw, vicar of Sandringham and chaplain to the Prince.

"My husband is better, and I am coming to you. I must watch with my husband, and therefore must leave before the end of the service. Can you say a few words for him in prayer, early in the service, that I may join with you in prayer for him?"

And at 11 o'clock the poor Princess, simple dressed and attended by two of her suite, came walking over the moor along the path, and entered the little church. The chaplain, immediately after her arrival, and before reading the collects of the day, announced that he was about to offer up a special prayer for the Prince, and the congregation, falling on their knees, then joined in the petition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THEY READ BUT DON'T PAY.

"Walking sticks—Promenading sticks. You put a head on a letter when you apply the postage-stamp."

"A good name for a street railway conductor is 'Oscar.'"

"Cheving blue collar-paper nearly killed a little Vermont girl."

"An Atlanta lover bought off his rival for \$200."

"The origin of wine, like man's, should be referred to monkeys, since it is undoubtedly gray (grapes)."

"Commodity arbitration is the order of Illinois. The youthful aspirant for knowledge is encouraged with such certificates as, "Behave, or get your neck broken;" "Learn or die," written in large letters over the door of the school-room."

"An enterprising called the Galatian is much admired by ladies. Our sex generally prefers the gal that's in it."

"A schoolmistress at Green Bay, Wisconsin, rides to school every day in a hand-drawn by the big boy."

"The latest London announcement is a nose machine, by which honest noses are pressed into the most fashionable shape, according to the taste of the owner."

"The Chicago Republicans, unable to appreciate poetry of the highest order, consider as of recent 'fire post' that, if anybody knows this post and will kill him, the paroxysm passed off, and he slept well, when another paroxysm occurred, which was not quite so severe."

The latest accounts from Sandringham report that the Prince is still improving, though his convalescence is retarded by a painful affection above the left hip, accompanied by feverishness. No inquietude is felt as to his condition, but regret and disappointment at the slowness of his recovery are generally expressed. Hopes had been raised that the Prince would be able to go out before the end of the holidays, and preparations for public rejoicing had been made. The non-realization of these expectations has thrown a damp on the festivities of the season.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA STILL CONTINUES.

The horror of the famine in Persia has not yet reached its climax. Major H. A. Smith, assistant resident, writing from Bushire, says the people are worn to skeletons, children to "famished beasts," and some of them are always trudging down and killed in the daily rush for the English rice. Mr. J. B. Adams, travelling in Teheran about two months ago, says, in a note published by the Sunderland Times, that in the crowds who swarm in the barrack squares to receive a dole of small silver from the shah, hundreds—men and women—are literally stark naked, worn to the bone, and covered with sores. The people follow the visitor howling for bread; "two men lie upon the ground, quite dead, and a third is laid upon one side of the bazaar, covered with a piece of dirty cotton. A dead woman lies in the agony of death, surrounded by a crowd of beings almost as badly off as herself. The next form is that of a woman who scrubs the ground to find a dole of mites, seed, and dirt, which she divides between her two children." This is no help for any of them.

RUSIA.

St. PETROPOLIS, Dec. 26.—An Imperial despatch appears in print, to-day, fixing the conscription for the Russian army for the year 1872 at six men in every one thousand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLAISTER. A Holiday Book of Prose and Verse. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A collection of short stories and poems, suitable for Christmas reading. A quaint design in color decorates the cover.

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THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER. By SOPH

WIT AND HUMOR.

ESK WIT AND BLUNTS.

An Irishman told his friend that he had beaten him, the night before, against the odds of his enemy.

"What did the accursed say of me?" said his friend.

"He said that you were not fit to carry gunpowder to a bear."

"Did he say I am glad you were there to defend me? What did he say?"

"Why, of course, I contradicted him in the friendliest terms, and silenced him in a minute; for I declared most confidently that you were."

"Put me that six-and-eight-pence you owe me," said an Irish attorney to one of his clients.

"For what?"

"For the opinion you had of me."

"Faith, I never had any opinion of you all my life."

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was going to present his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?" inquired the youth.

"Ah! but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you; so they won't know it."

"How, Patrick?" said a judge, "what do you say to the charge? Are you guilty, or innocent?"

"Patrick! but that's difficult for you Honor to say, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a glass or two, was accused by the inspecting-general, "What makes your face look so red?"

"Please your Honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a general officer."

"Did your fall hurt you?" asked one Irishman of another who had fallen from a three-story building.

"Not in the least, honey," replied the other; "but it was stopping so quick that injured me."

A gentleman who had conferred a favor upon an Irishman was thus addressed by him:

"Long life to you, sir! With the blessing of God, may you live to eat the hen that scratches the gravel on your grave!"

BOUND TO HAVE HIS FARE.

Rev. Mr. F., of Boston, who had accepted an invitation to proceed out of town on a certain Sunday last winter, was delayed until the last moment, and did not arrive in the town until late in the morning of the day he was going to preach. He hastened to the door of the hotel and requested him to procure a carriage for him, which was complied with, and he was soon driven to the church, and got there with scarcely a moment to spare. He stepped from the conveyance and hurried up the aisle, when to his great surprise, he heard a suppressed tittering and a burst of astonishment for which he could not account, until chancing to hear a footstep behind him, he turned and beheld the cause.

The coachman, snuffed to the chin, with fur cap on his head, a whip under his arm, and a pair of cavalry boots on his feet, had followed him into the church. The Rev. Mr. F. — was about to address him, when John exclaimed: "Ye ain't paid me. I want my fare."

The worthy minister, greatly mortified, tried to explain to him that he had requested the hotel clerk to settle with him.

"Oh, yes," returned the coachman, "it's too thin."

"That won't wash—it's too thin."

Cash on delivery is my term. I don't know you. I drew a full sum with a white necklace down to the cove last week, and he gave me the slip. I don't see him since, and that time I made up my mind there wasn't no virtue in white neckties; so cash up." It was growing very embarrassing, when the Hon. Richard Warren, a prominent member of the congregation, who was well acquainted with Mr. F., hastened forward and settled the bill, whereupon John retreated, chuckling, and muttering to himself, "Too much for white neckties that time."

AN AFFIDAVIT.

A highwayman named Balland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered: "By getting an apothecary to make an affidavit of your illness." This was accordingly done in the following manner: "The defendant verily believes that if the said J. Balland is obliged to undergo his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned judge on the bench answered that he verily believed so too. The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.

WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING. —The last joke at the expense of H. G. reports that "in an agricultural essay on tobacco, he asserts that the fine cut will not ripen well unless the tin foil is stripped from the growing bud early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with sticks instead of being picked off with the hand." It may be proper to say in this connection that there is some doubt of the truth of the foregoing.

PAPER OR GUNPOWDER. —A Georgia colored lysseum discussed the question, "Which is the most useful, paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant who spoke as follows: "Mr. President—Spare da was a bar out at the door, and you was to go dar and shake de paper at him, but you see what de bar would do. But jes' about a cannon at him and mark de result. I calls for de question." The President forthwith desided in favor of powder.

An aged clergyman in New Hampshire read a sermon before his ministerial association, bearing the title of "A Plea for Dumb Animals." One of the brethren playfully remarked, that all the jackasses in the country ought to thank Father M. — for his sermon. The author, turning to the critics, said, "I am glad that I have one appreciative hearer."

AN EPISTOLARY GEM. —The following, we are assured, is a veritable copy of a letter recently received by a schoolmaster in the north from a householder in the neighborhood:—"Our, sir, you are a man of no legs, I wish to enter my son in your skull." The obscurity and seeming offensiveness of this address disappears on translation. What was intended to be written was, "Sir, as you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my son at your school."

OF THE OTHER DAY. —The other day, while the rain was pouring in torrents, a countryman was going up the street, vainly trying to protect his umbrella under his coat. "Why don't you open your umbrella, man?" asked a passer-by. "A new umbrella in such a rain as this! Why, you must be mad!" replied the man, as he got the contents of a water-spout down his neck.

COOKIES. —The Apache Indian chief, as pictured at a tall and finely formed man, and strong and dark, turned across his broad, give-and-take Spanish language firmly. His hair is intensely black, his face smooth and elegantly ornamented with yellow colors. His mouth is splendidly turned and flexible, his nose prominent, and his eyes expressive. The whole expression of his countenance is pleasant, and one looks in vain for a glance of that ferocity which has so long been attributed to him.

YESTERDAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LAND.

I remembered the old year died,
Now all the winter was the living,
Over all I have and cherishing;
All the past is gone and gleaning;
All the dead are shriveled to the appearing
Of the angel that was soaring.

While the year was going on
I performed my pleasure over,
And the winter's morn, clover,
Brought back the shriveled to the appearing
Of the angel that was soaring.

And in sadness for the year—
Gone are joy and gleaning;
"How another summer's flowers,
Clustering leaves and clinging roses?"
Sighed I, meaning still one more.

Still the year was going on,
As replied one of our number—
"Gazing thoughtless over hills and glens,
Till our hearts with weary sighing,
All so alone is dying."

"But the New Year in its birth,
Comes unto us like a mission—
With a fresh gift of gleaning,
And we yield to her blossoms."

In the New Year coming in,
Last year's joys may find fruition;
If we give the great admiration
With a welcome brave and tender,
Much may longer may expand.

Crosses we may lightly bear,
And afterward our way may glister,
Through his summer and his winter,
Joy's no lasting, that by gleaning
Only can we know their meaning."

Then, so bravely, yesterday,
I looked forth unto the morrow,
And the winter's morn to behold us,
And the blossoms it should teach us.

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